

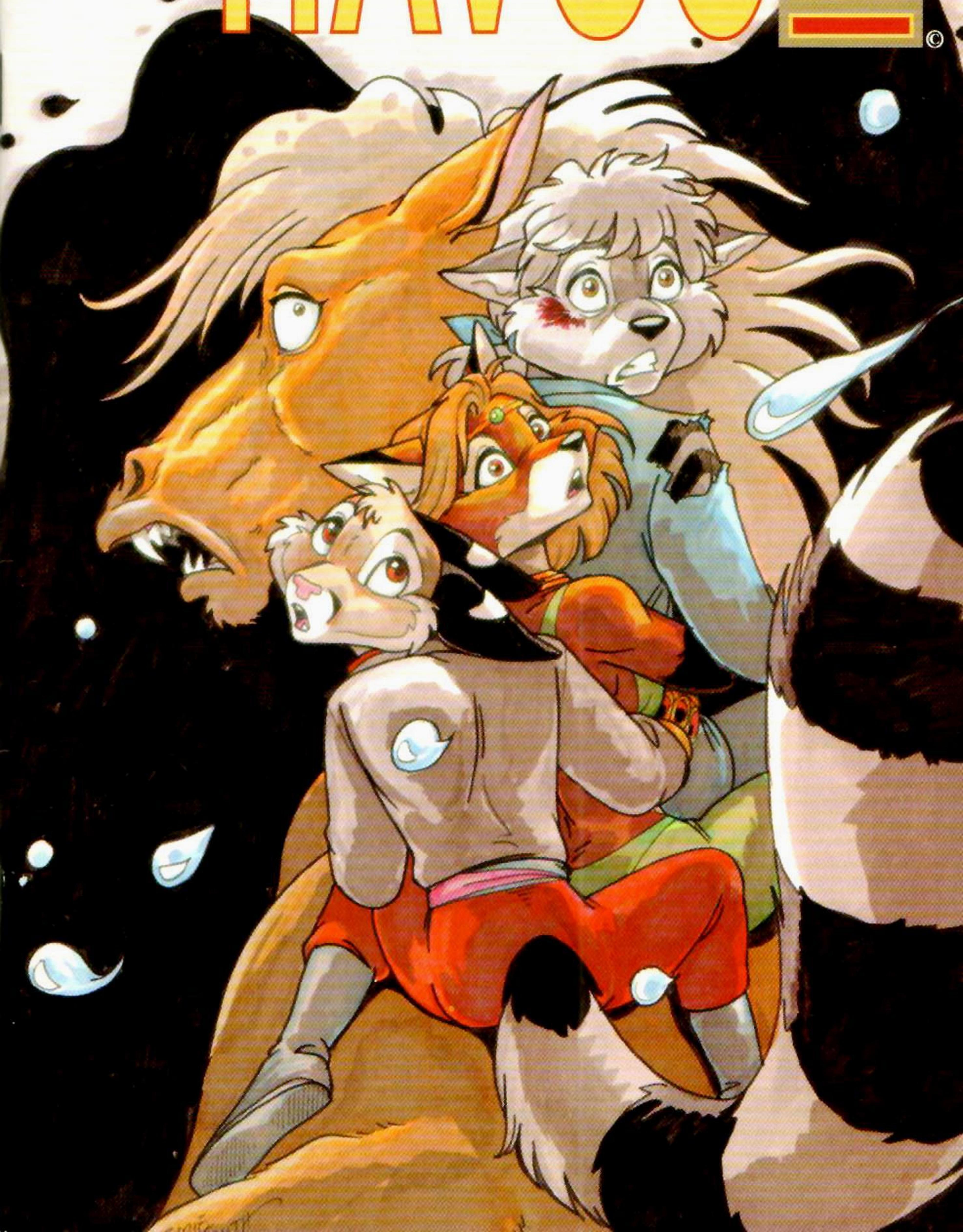
Mark Barnard & Terrie Smith



\$2.95 U.S.
\$4.20 Can.
MAR 1998

1

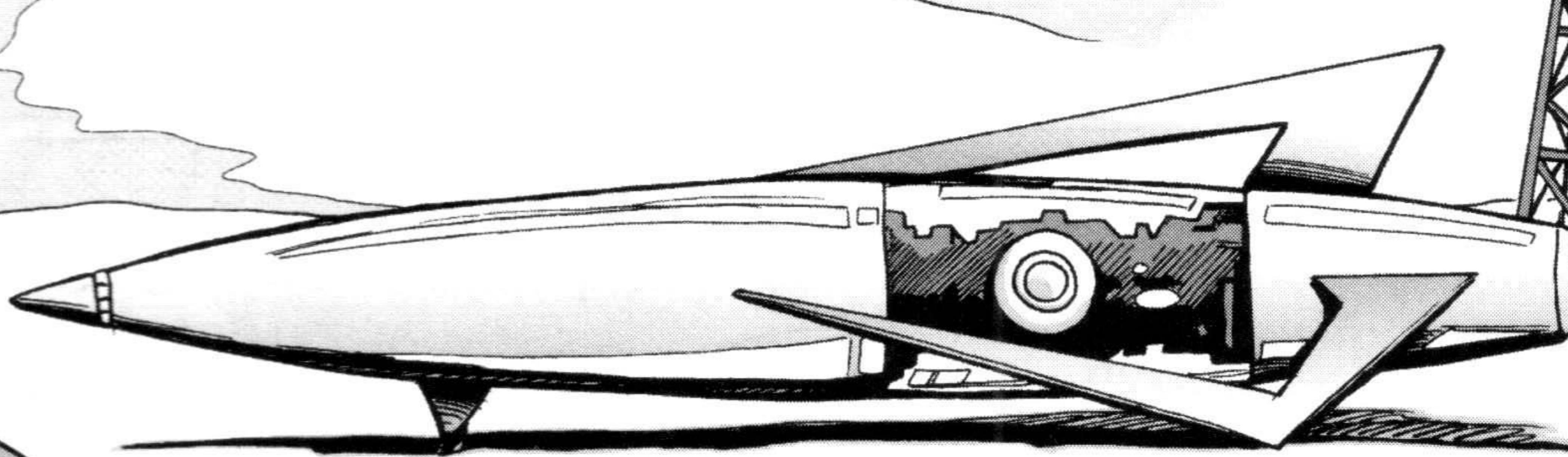
HAVOC INC.



HAVOC INC

1700 HOURS.
THE PLANET ASH'THUL.

RECEIVING WORD OF AN AUCTION OF SALVAGED PARTS FROM A CRASHED SPACE CRUISER, THE FREE CARRIER HALF MOON MAKES AN UNPLANNED STOP. IT SEEMED LIKE A GOOD IDEA AT THE TIME...



STORY: MARK BARNARD

ART: TERRIE SMITH

LETTERS: GLEN WOOTEN (ASSIST)

“HASSID, COME ON!
YOU'VE GOT TO SEE THIS!”

THIEVES' DEN

WHAT IS IT, THAT I SHOULD SCATTER MY TRADE TO THE WIND AND FOLLOW YOU LIKE A FECKLESS CHILD, SAND FLEA???



CACHMED? THIS I MUST SEE??



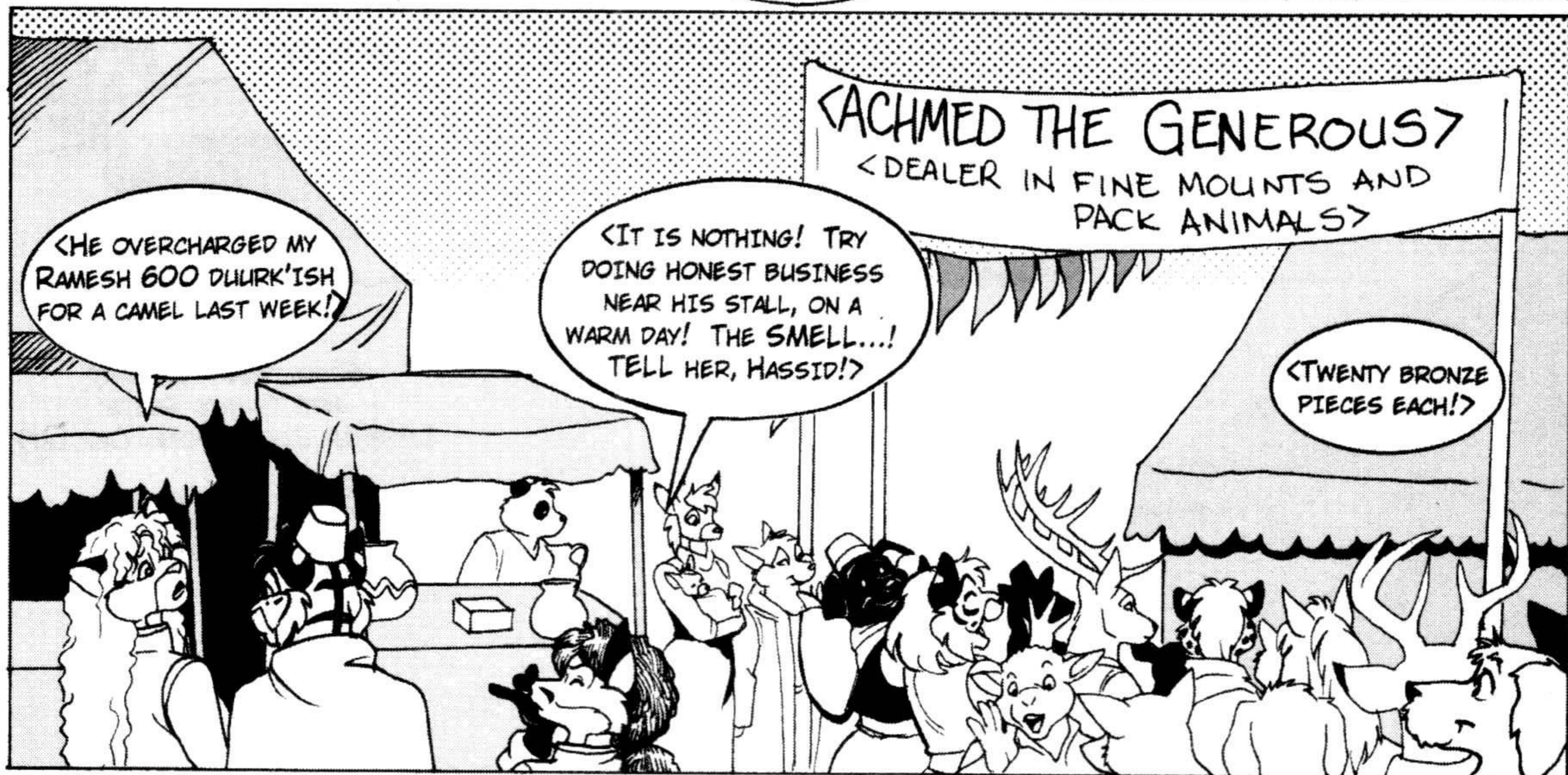
ACHMED THE GENEROUS

<DEALER IN FINE MOUNTS AND PACK ANIMALS>

HE OVERCHARGED MY RAMESH 600 DHURK'ISH FOR A CAMEL LAST WEEK!

IT IS NOTHING! TRY DOING HONEST BUSINESS NEAR HIS STALL, ON A WARM DAY! THE SMELL...! TELL HER, HASSID!

(TWENTY BRONZE PIECES EACH!)



WHAT IS HAPPENING, OH BROTHER OF THE SANDS??

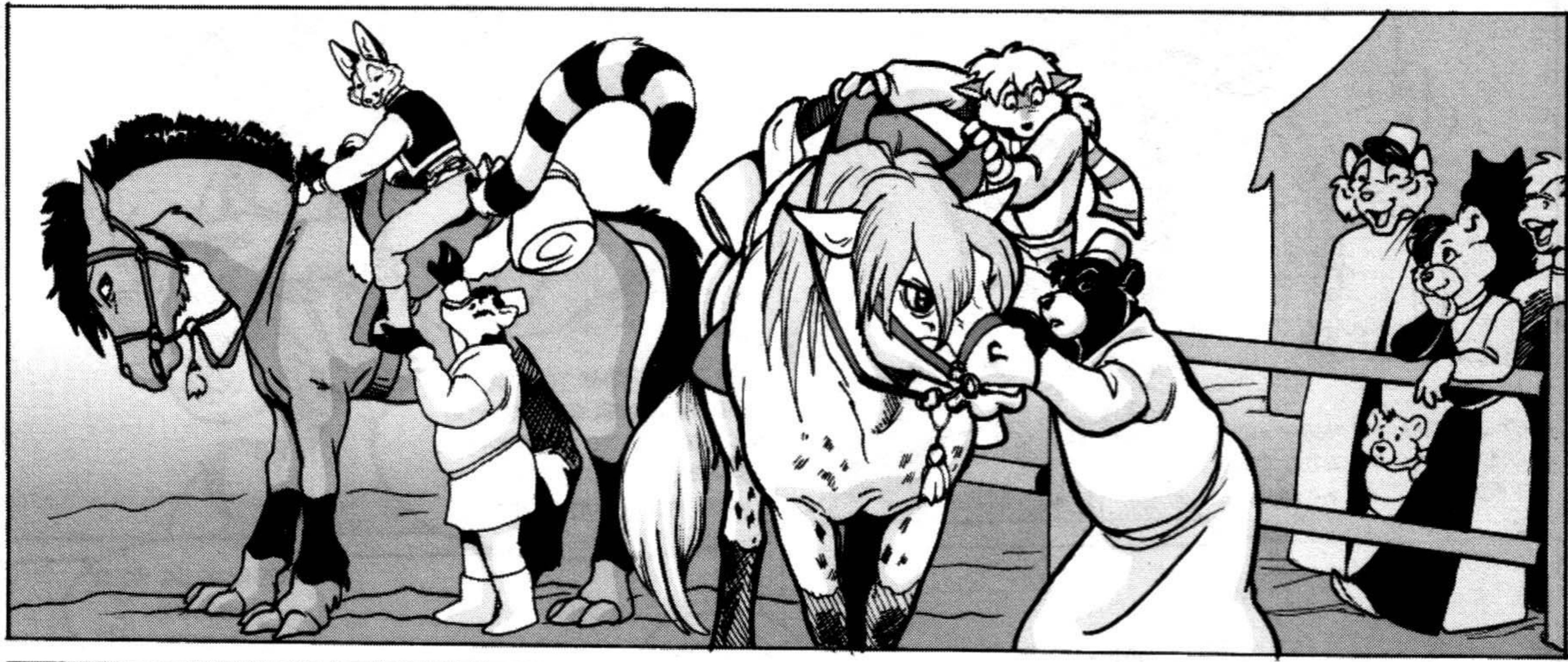


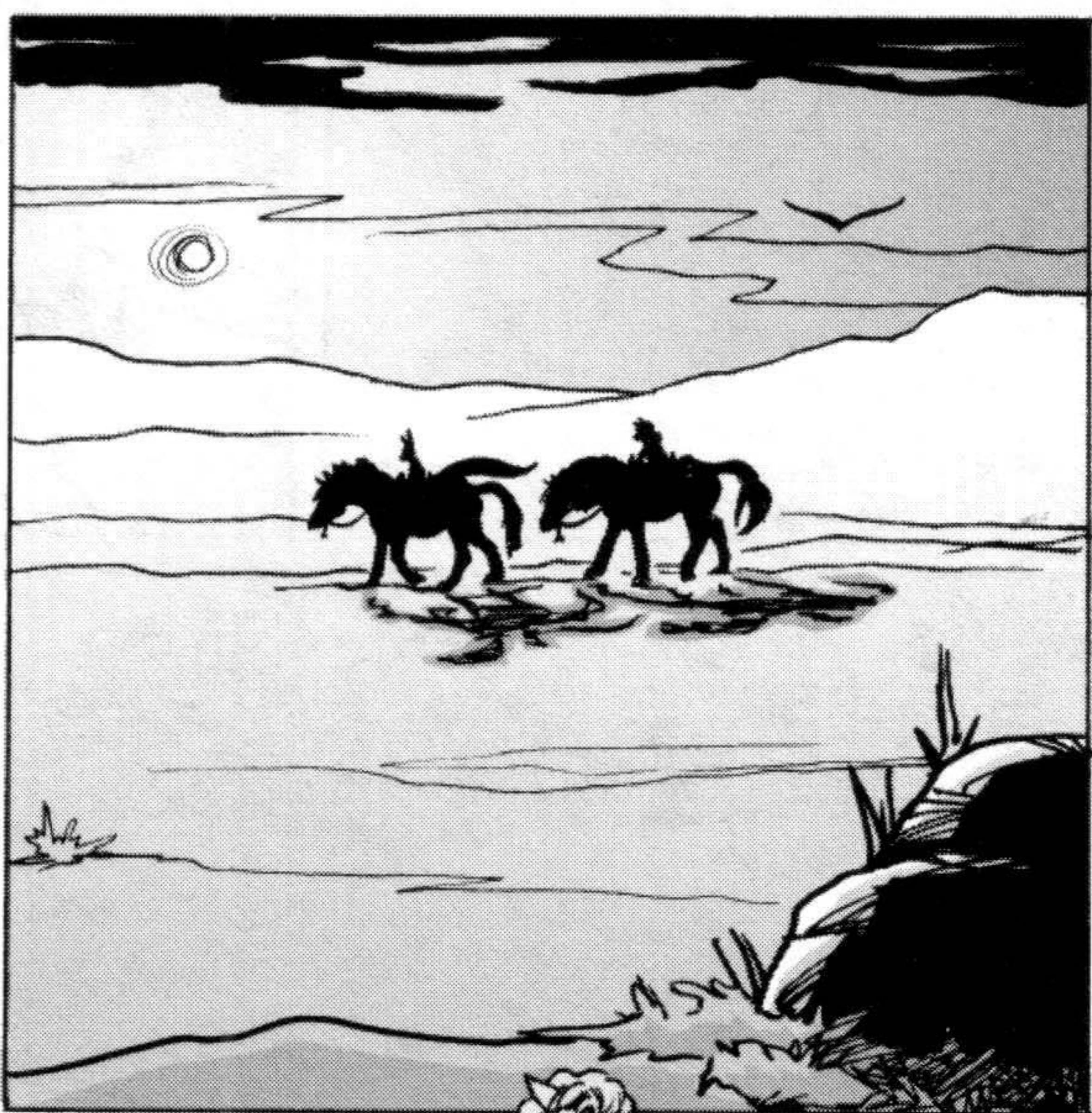
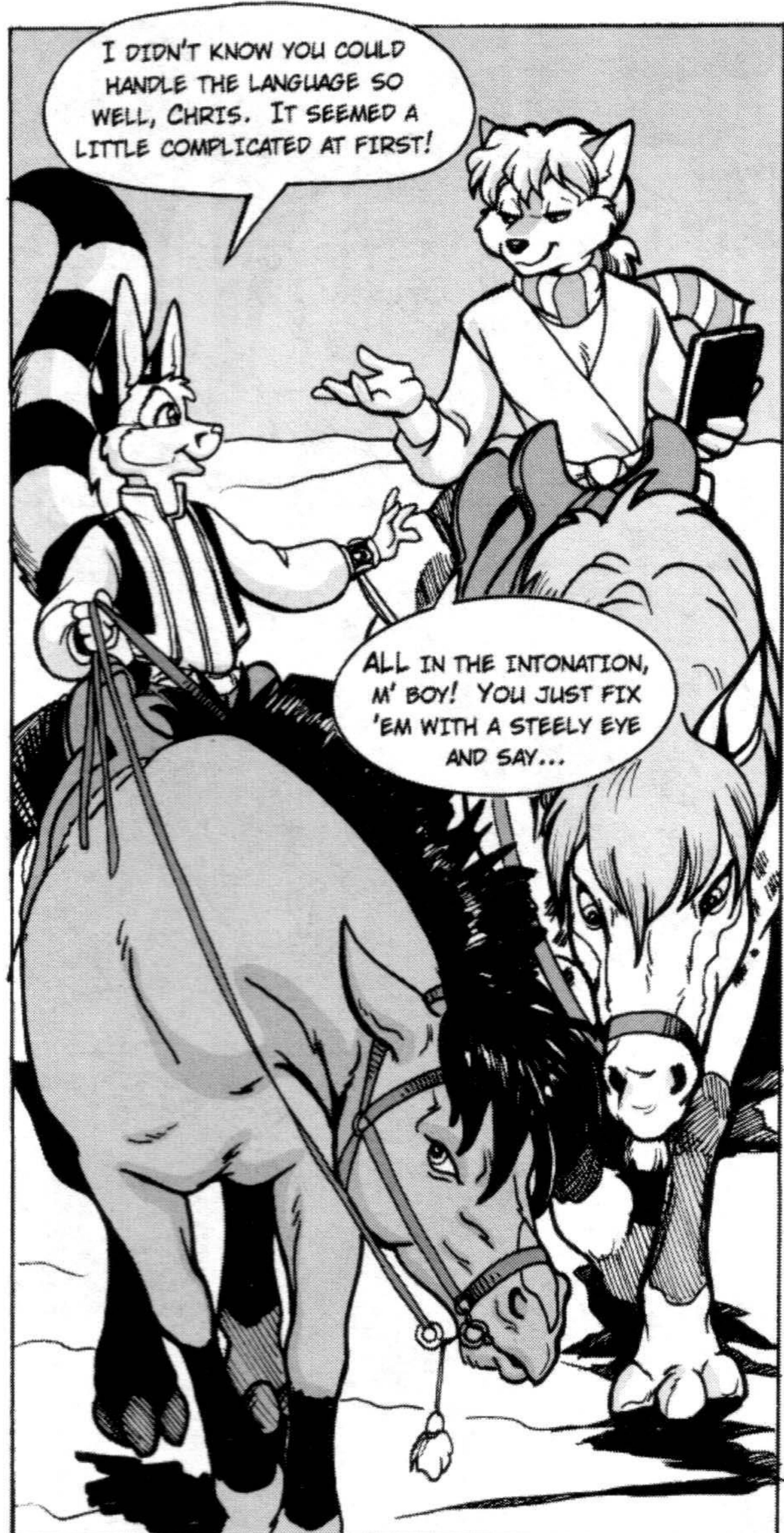
(THE FUNNIEST THING I HAVE SEEN SINCE THE CALIPH PLUT THE MIMES TO THE SWORD. LOOK!)

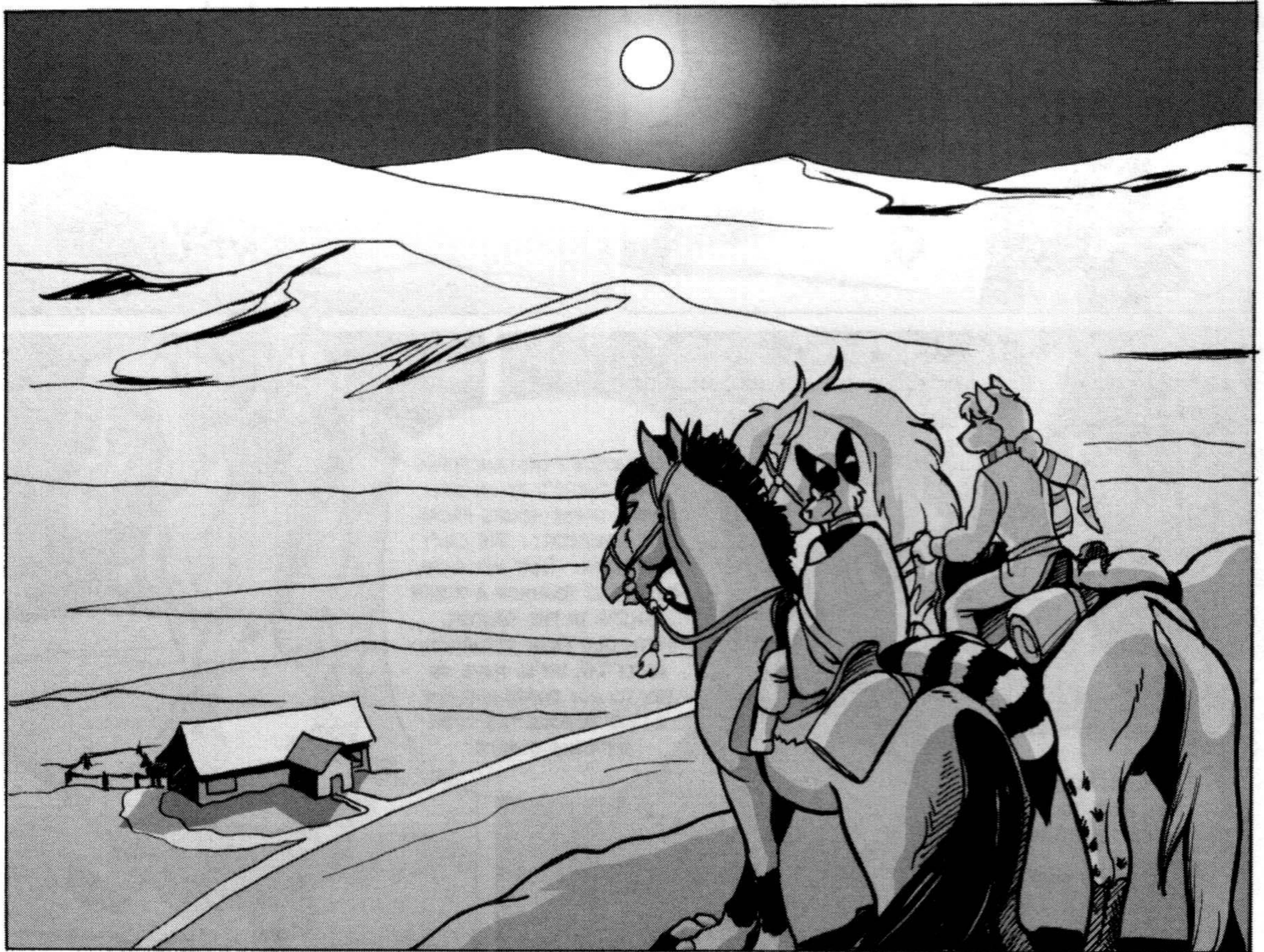


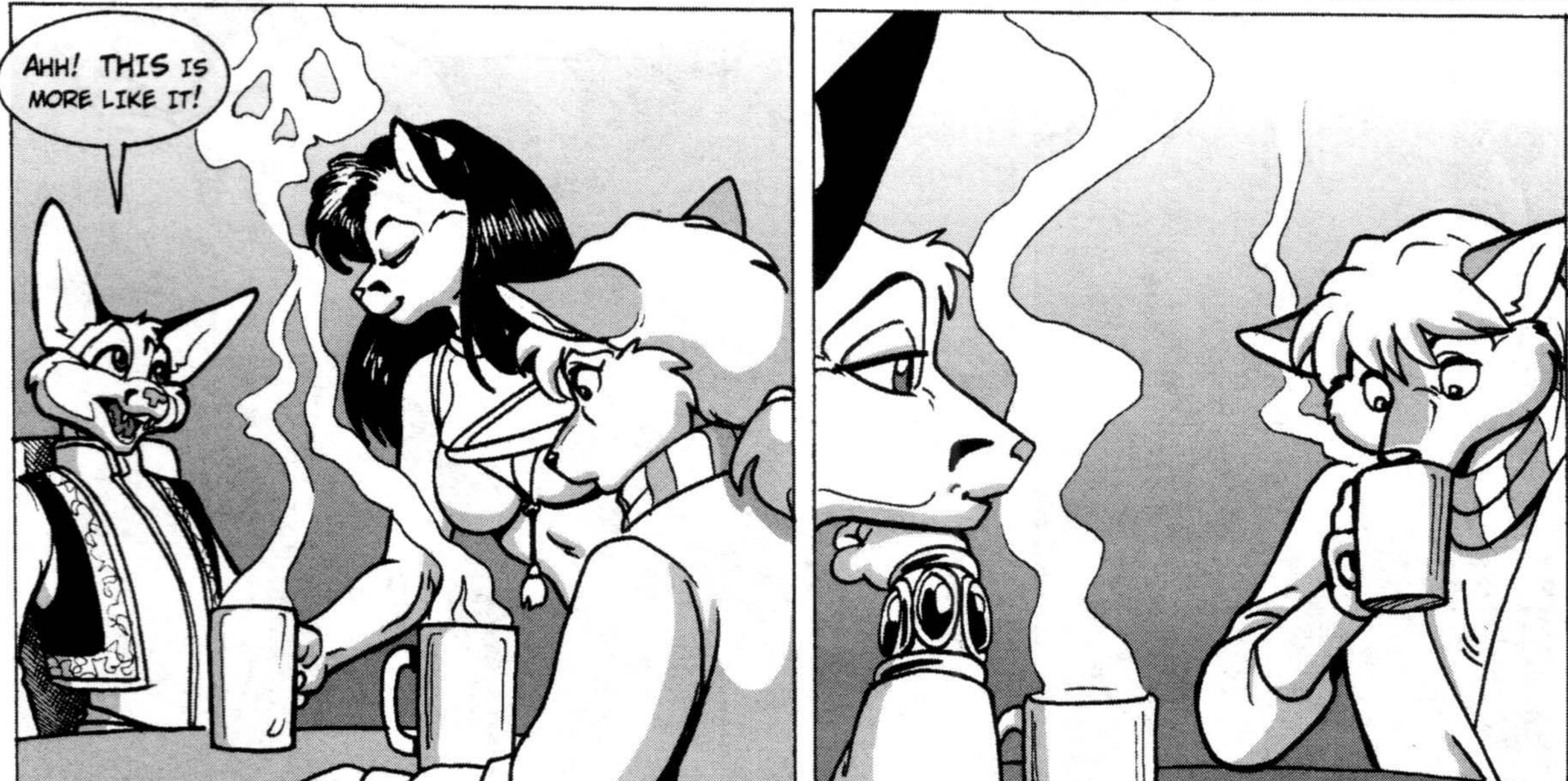
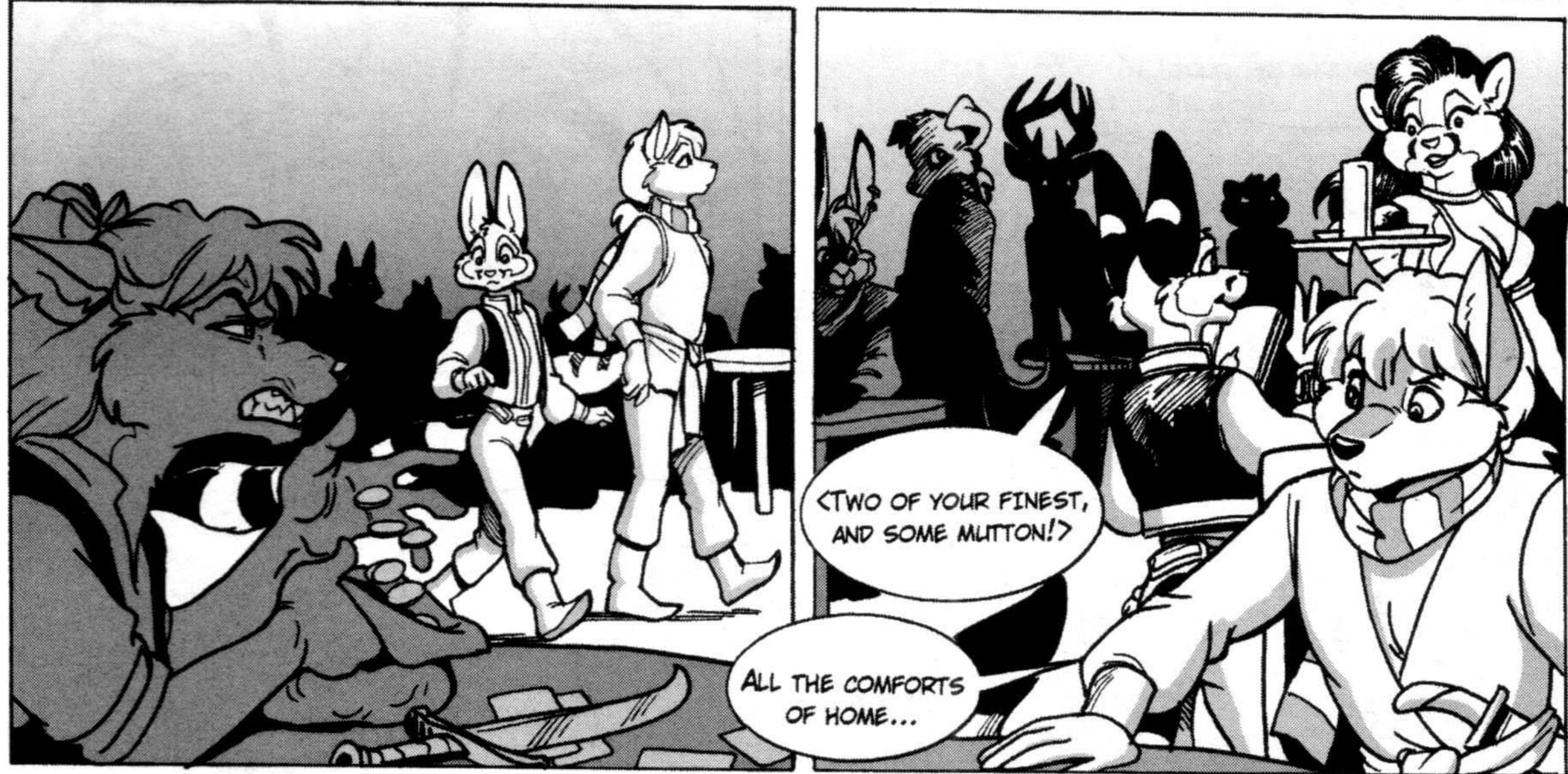
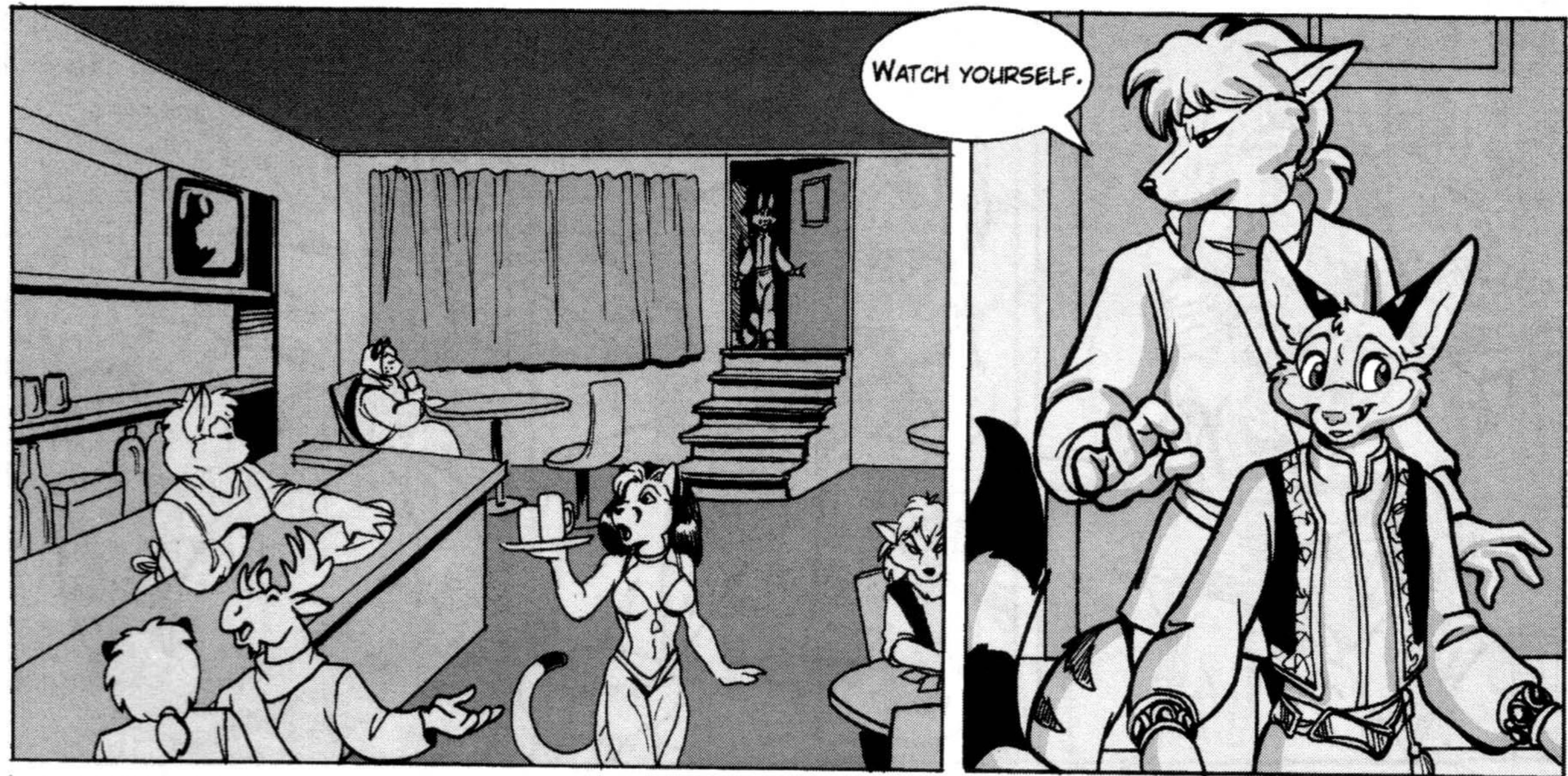


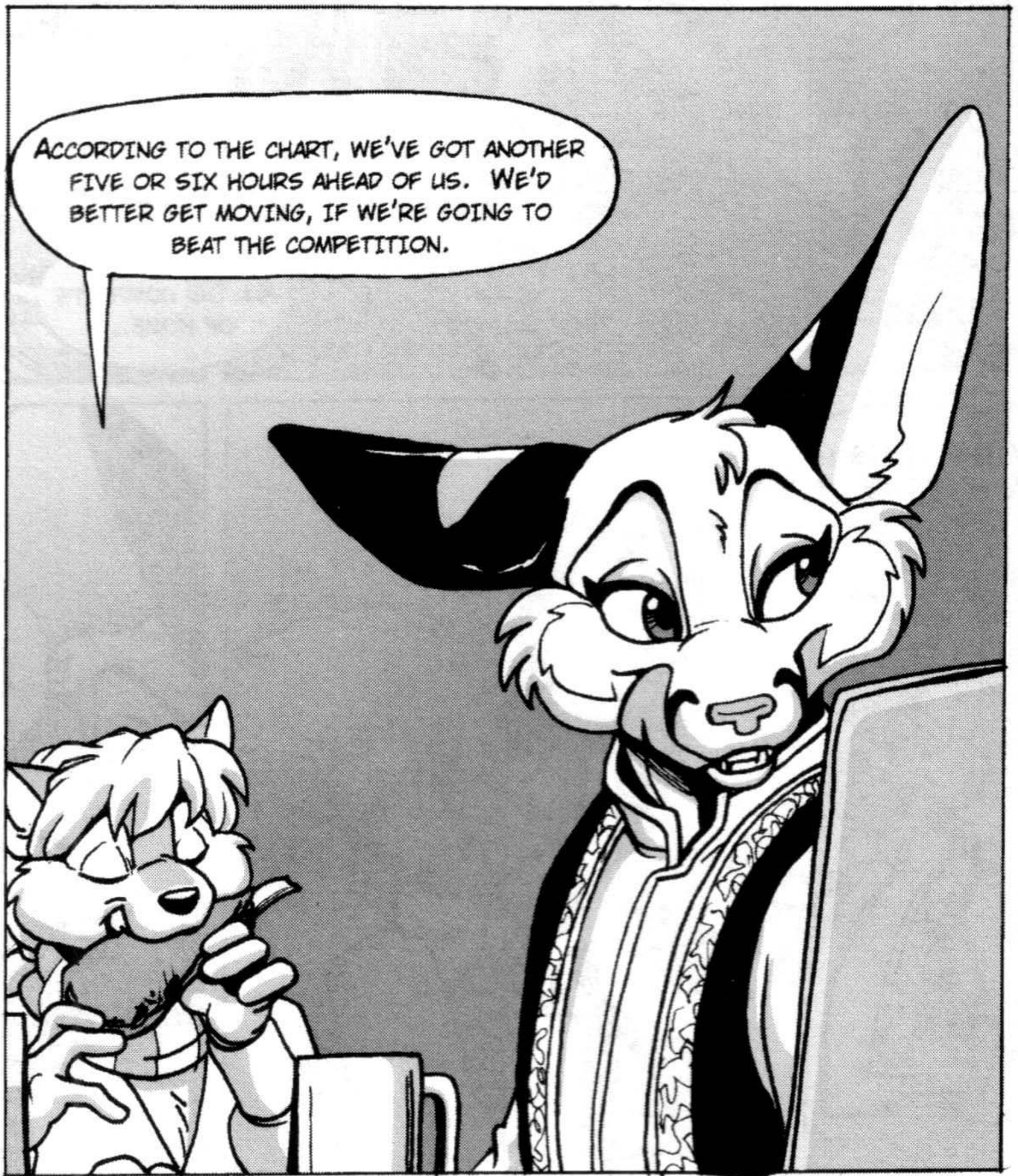
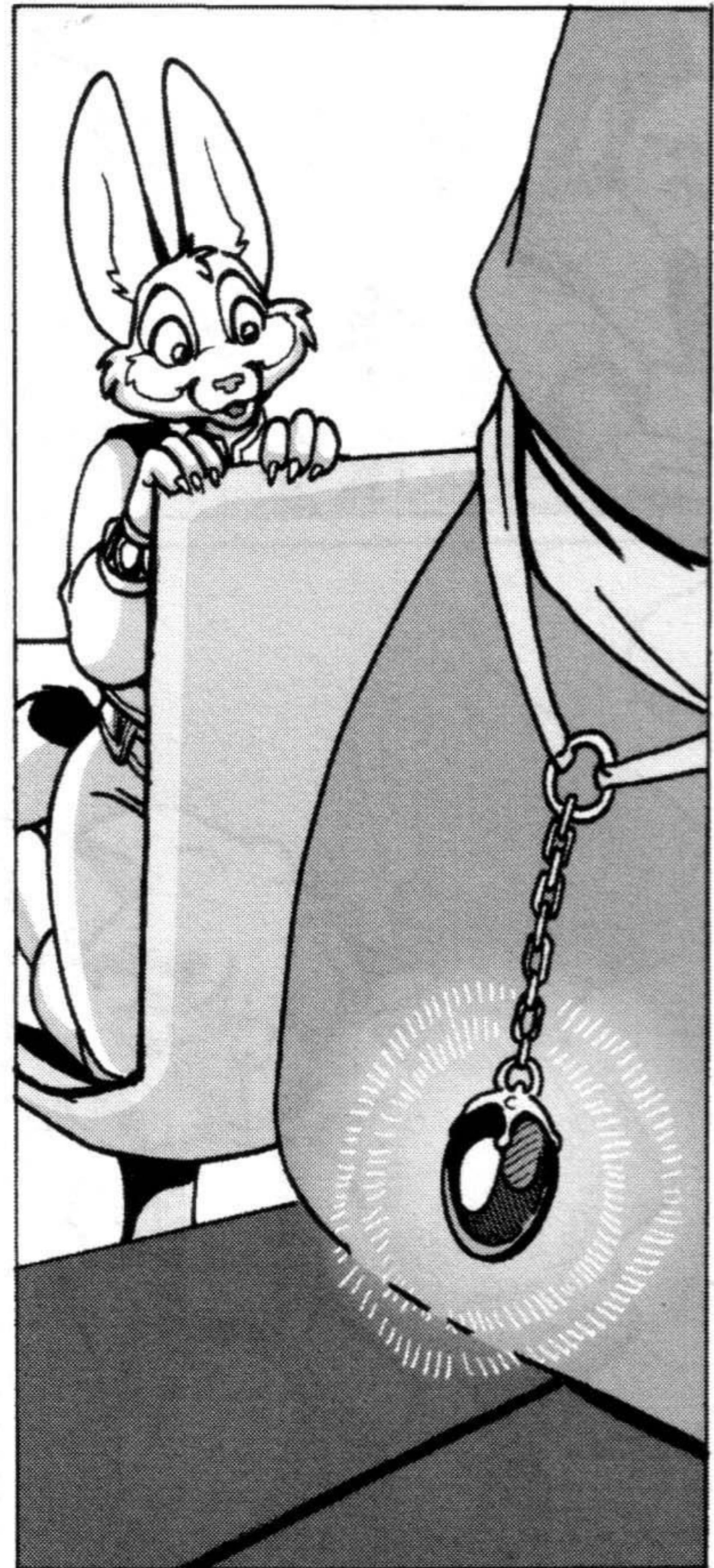
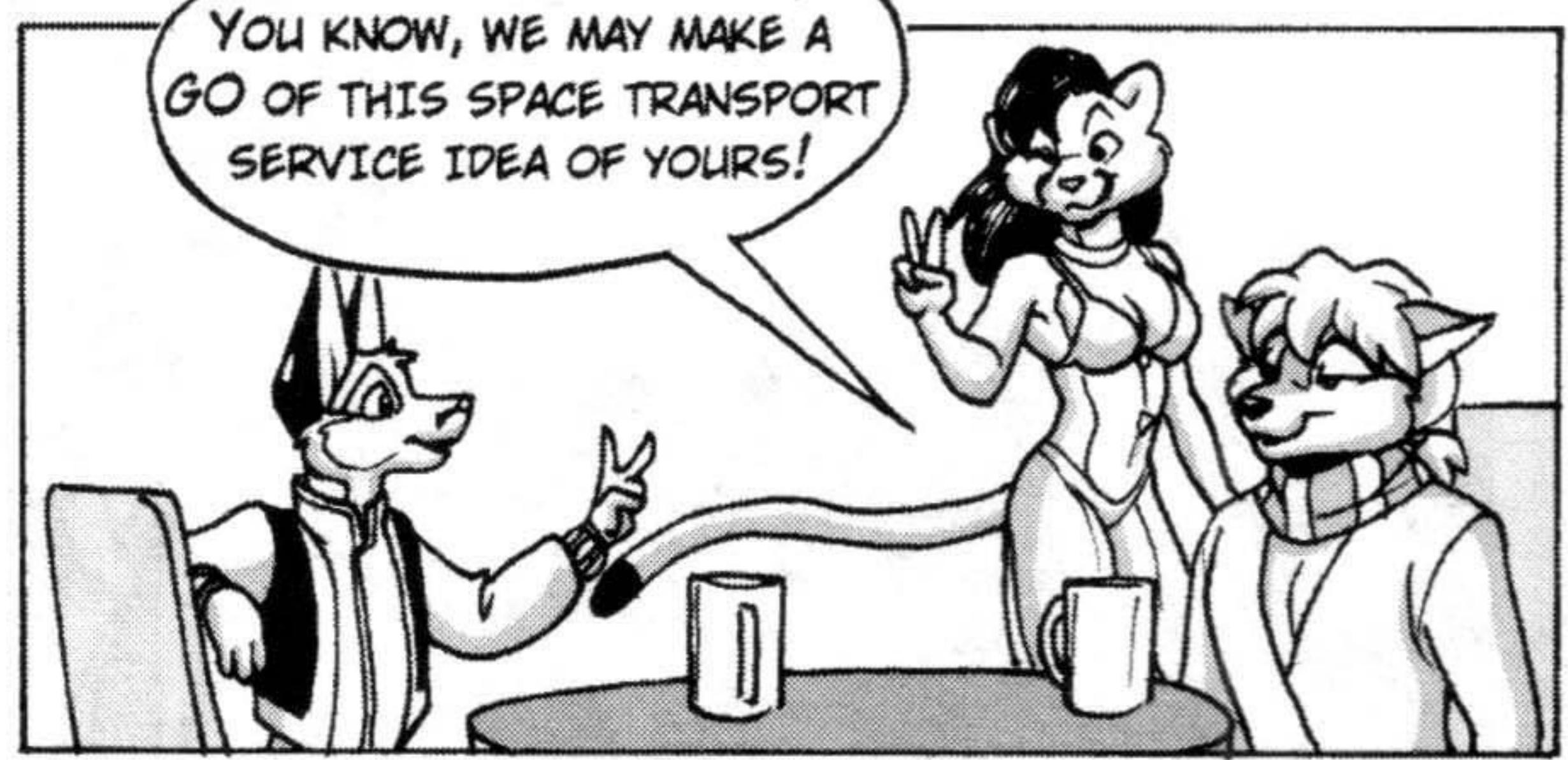
(NO DOUBT OF IT. DANGEROUS, UNBALANCED
ZEALOTS. MAMA WAS RIGHT. BETTER I SHOULD
HAVE JOINED MY SIX BROTHERS IN RAISING SHEEP.
EVEN NOW, I FEEL THEIR CUNNING NOOSE
TIGHTENING ABOUT MY THROAT!?)

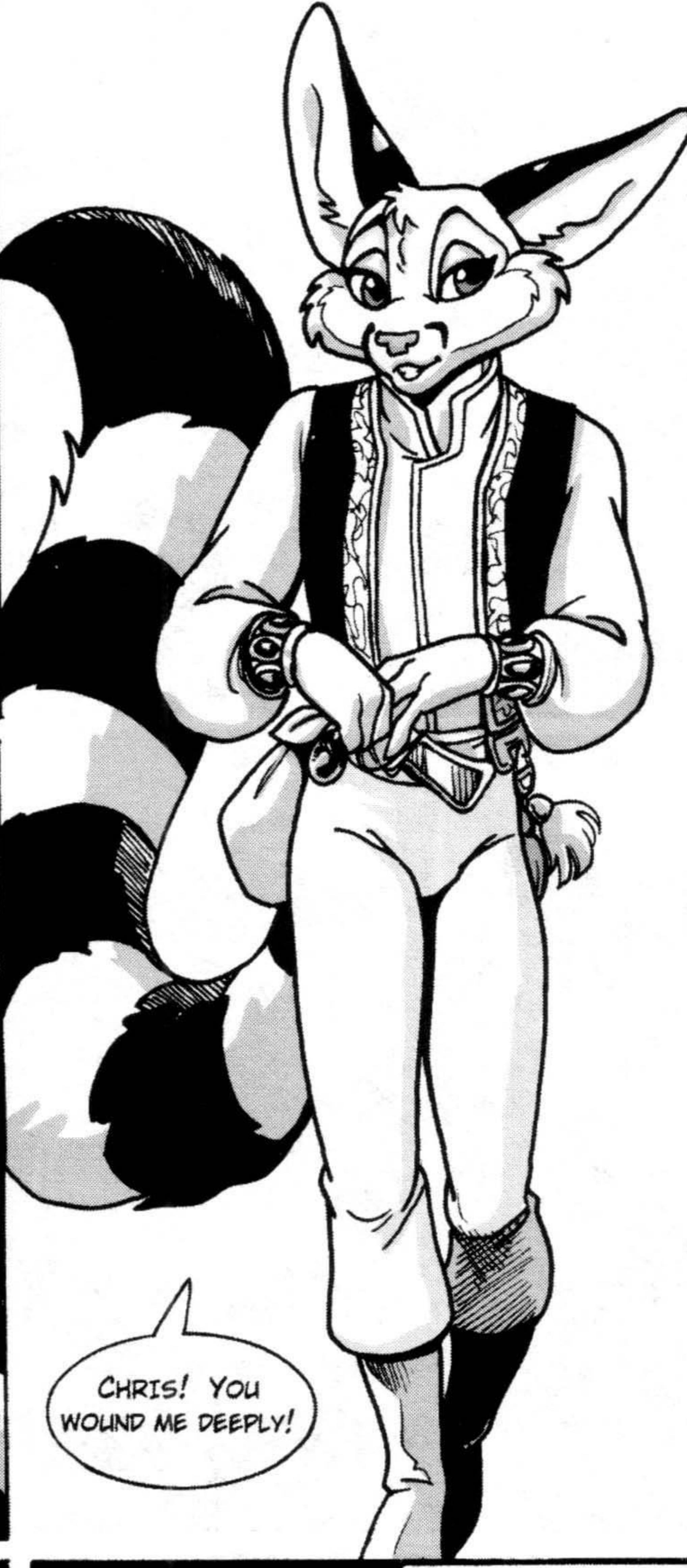












BACK AT OUR LAST STOP.
I CAN APPRECIATE IT
FAR BETTER THAN SOME
DESERT LOOT--

IN SO MANY WAYS WE'RE ALIKE.
DAZZLING, RARE, AND DUE SOME
SPECIAL APPRECIATION.

WELL, IT'S TOO
LATE TO GO BACK!

--AND (SIGH) A
STONE LIKE THIS
DESERVES PROPER
ADORATION.

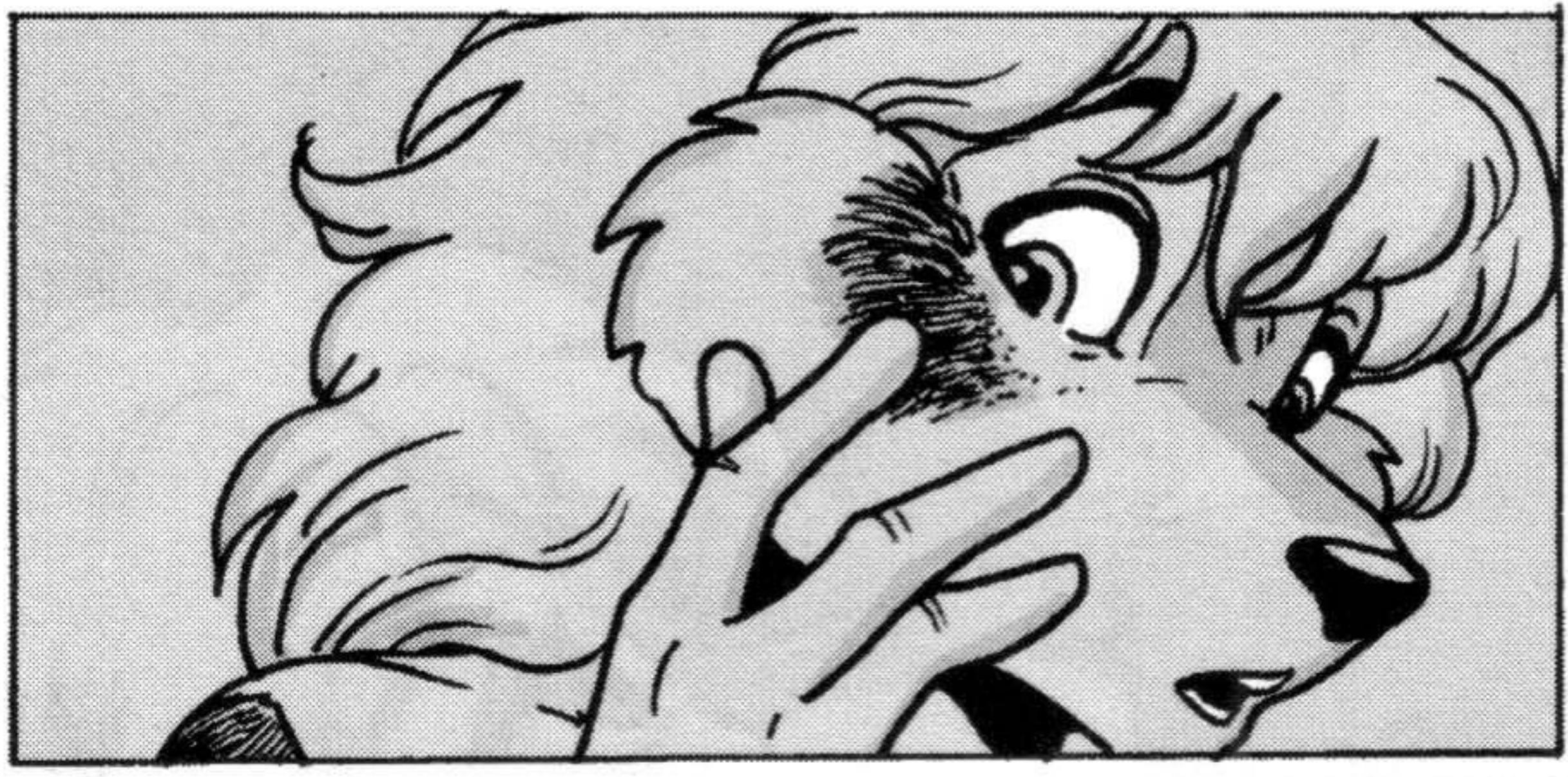
BESIDES, I SEEM TO RECALL THEM
HACKING THINGS OFF FOR STEALING.
I'LL LET THIS ONE RIDE.

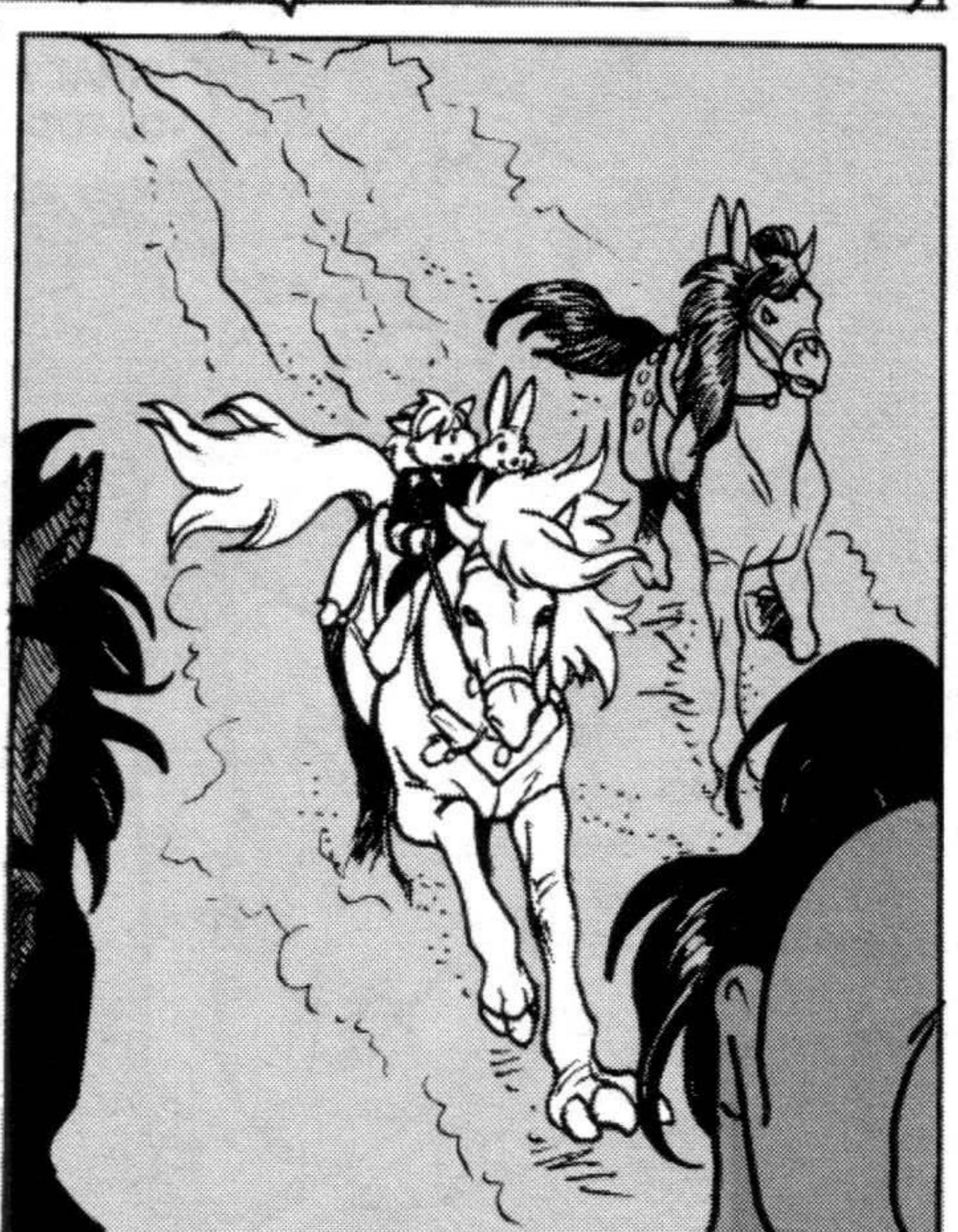
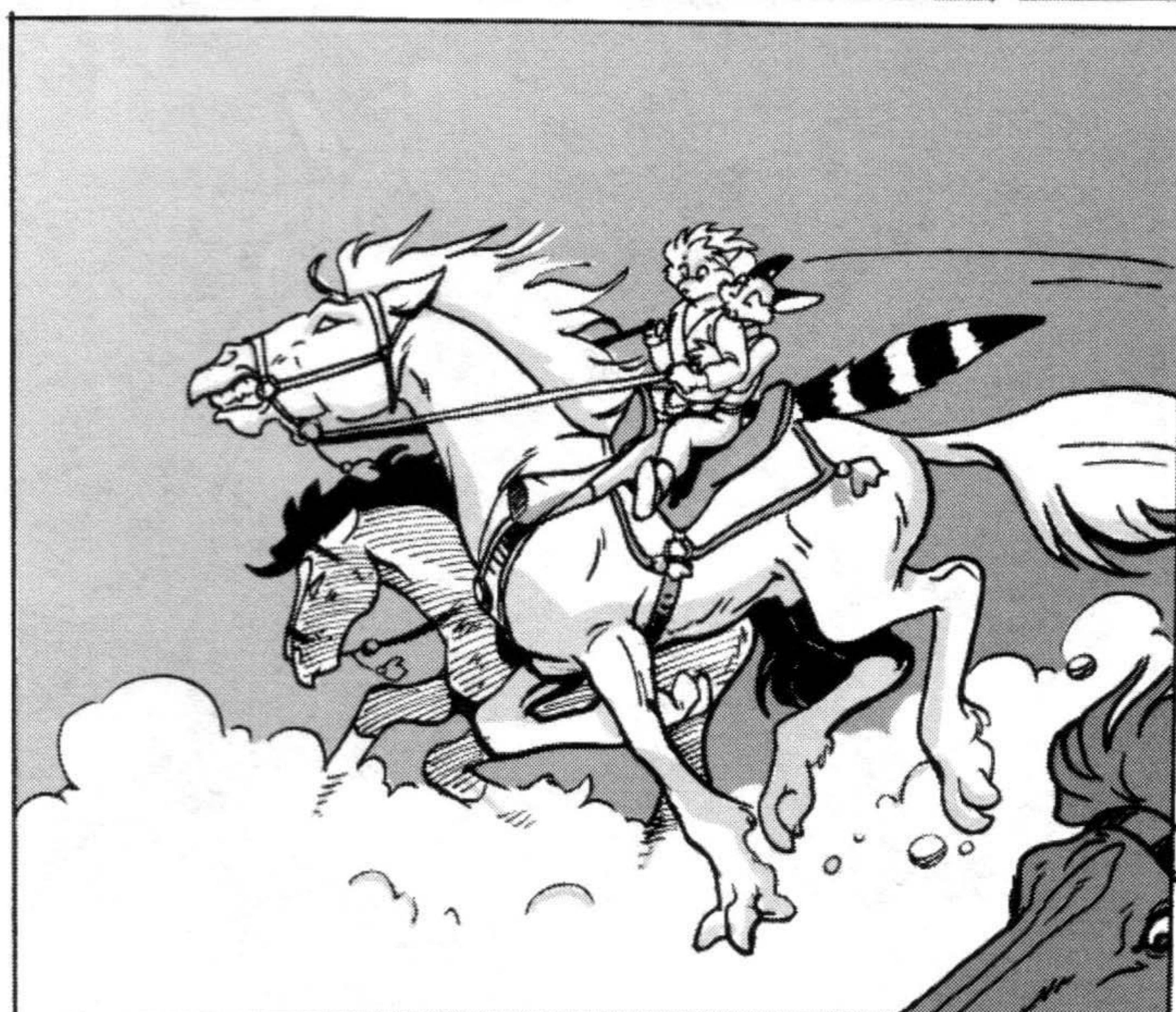
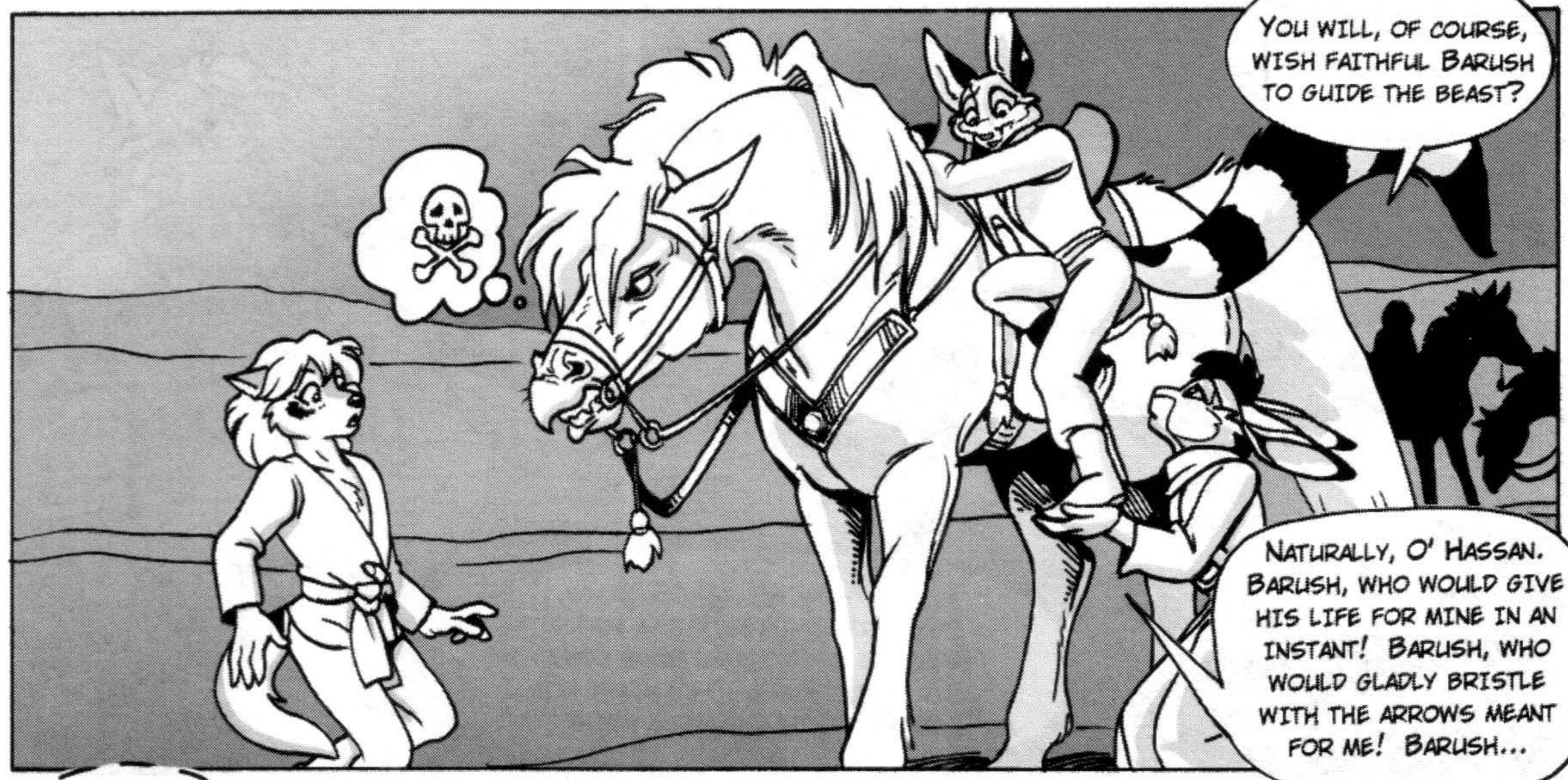
YOU'RE SO
GOOD TO ME!

YOU ALWAYS TAKE ME
TO THE NICEST PLACES!

CUTE, CUTE.







ONE BONE-JARRING
HOUR LATER...

CAN'T WE LAG BACK
AND LOSE THEM?

I DON'T THINK HE WANTS TO LAG,
CHESTER! BESIDES, THESE FOLKS
THINK WE'RE BRINGING HOME SOME
SORT OF TREASURE. THEY MIGHT NOT
APPRECIATE OUR DISAPPEARING RIGHT NOW.

YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT.
SO WHAT DO WE DO?

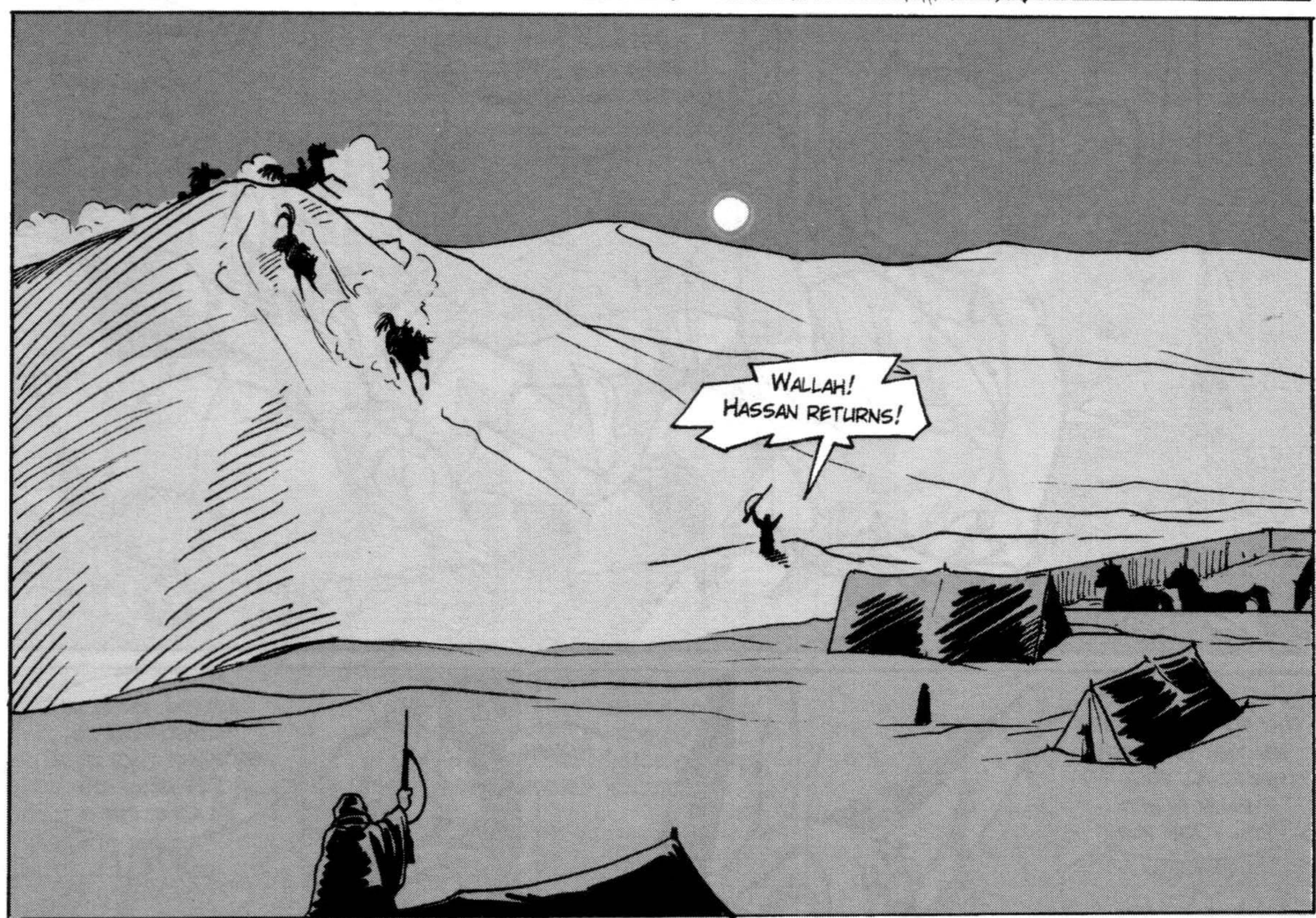
GO TO THEIR CAMP.
WE'LL THINK OF SOMETHING
ONCE WE'RE THERE.

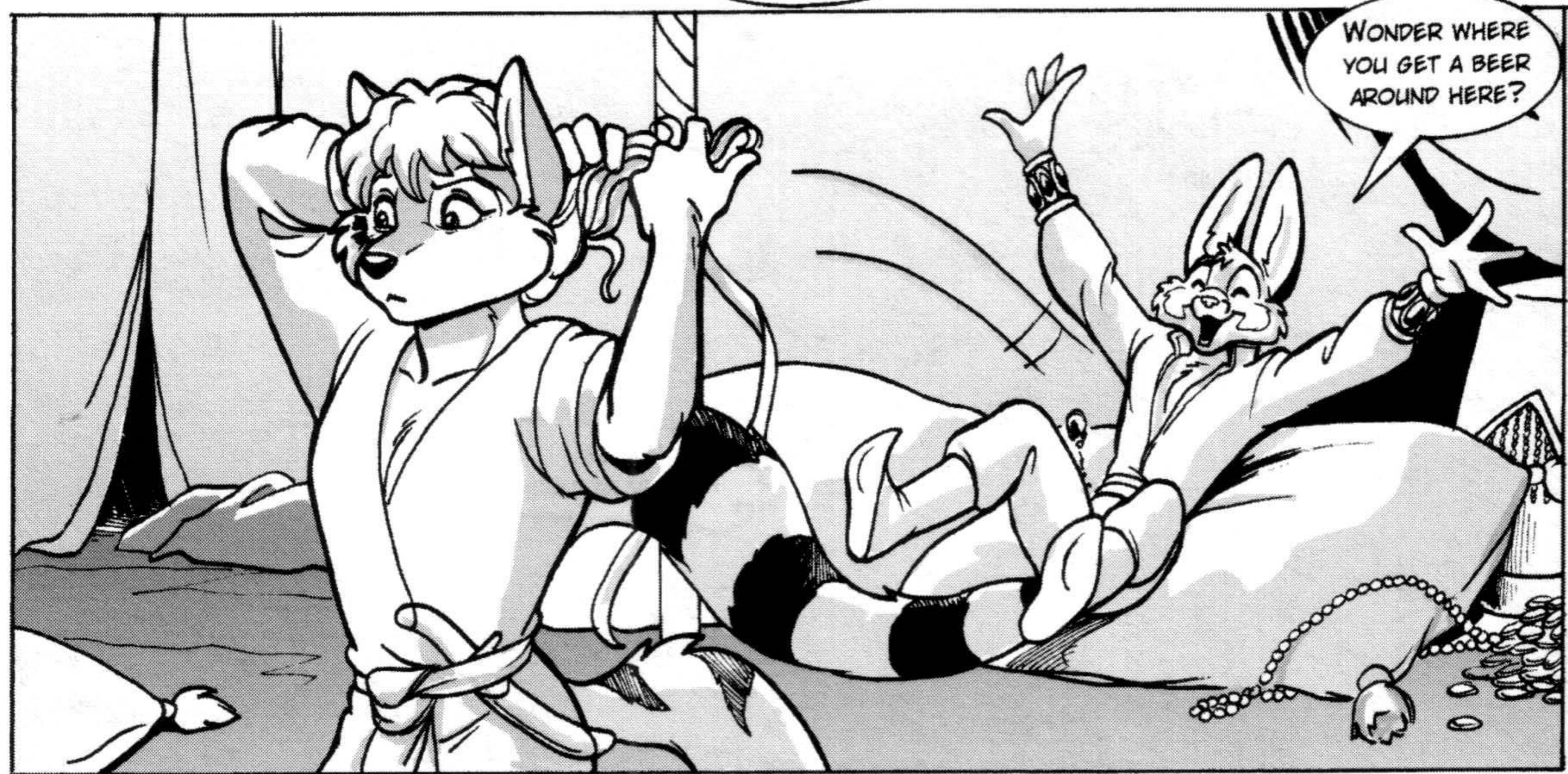
I'M GOING TO
HOLD YOU TO THAT!

JUST RELAXING YOU,
O' BARUSH OF THE SANDS.
YOU'RE SO TENSE
THEY'RE BOUND TO NOTICE.

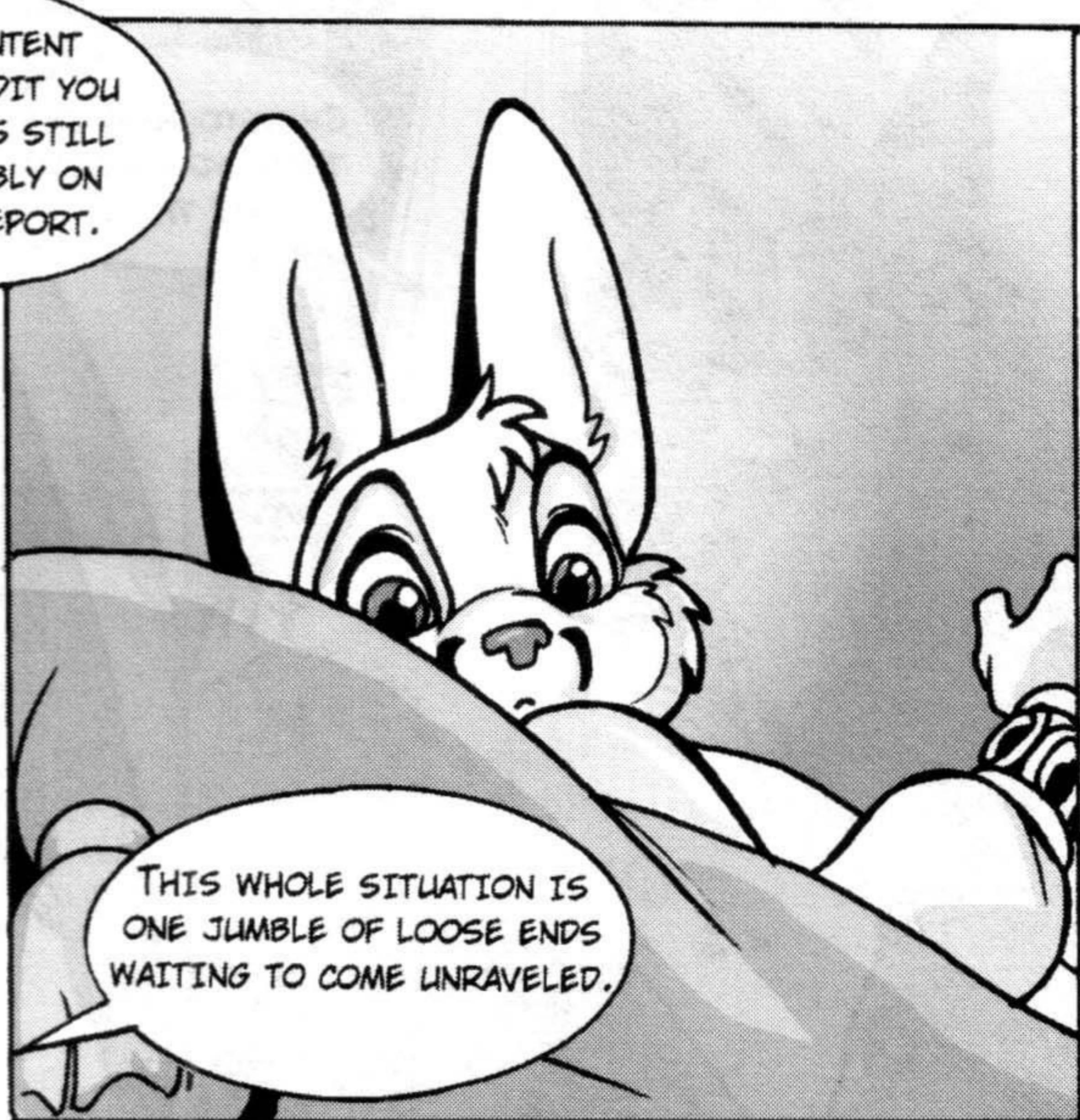
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?!

SIGH. THERE'S A
TIME AND A PLACE...

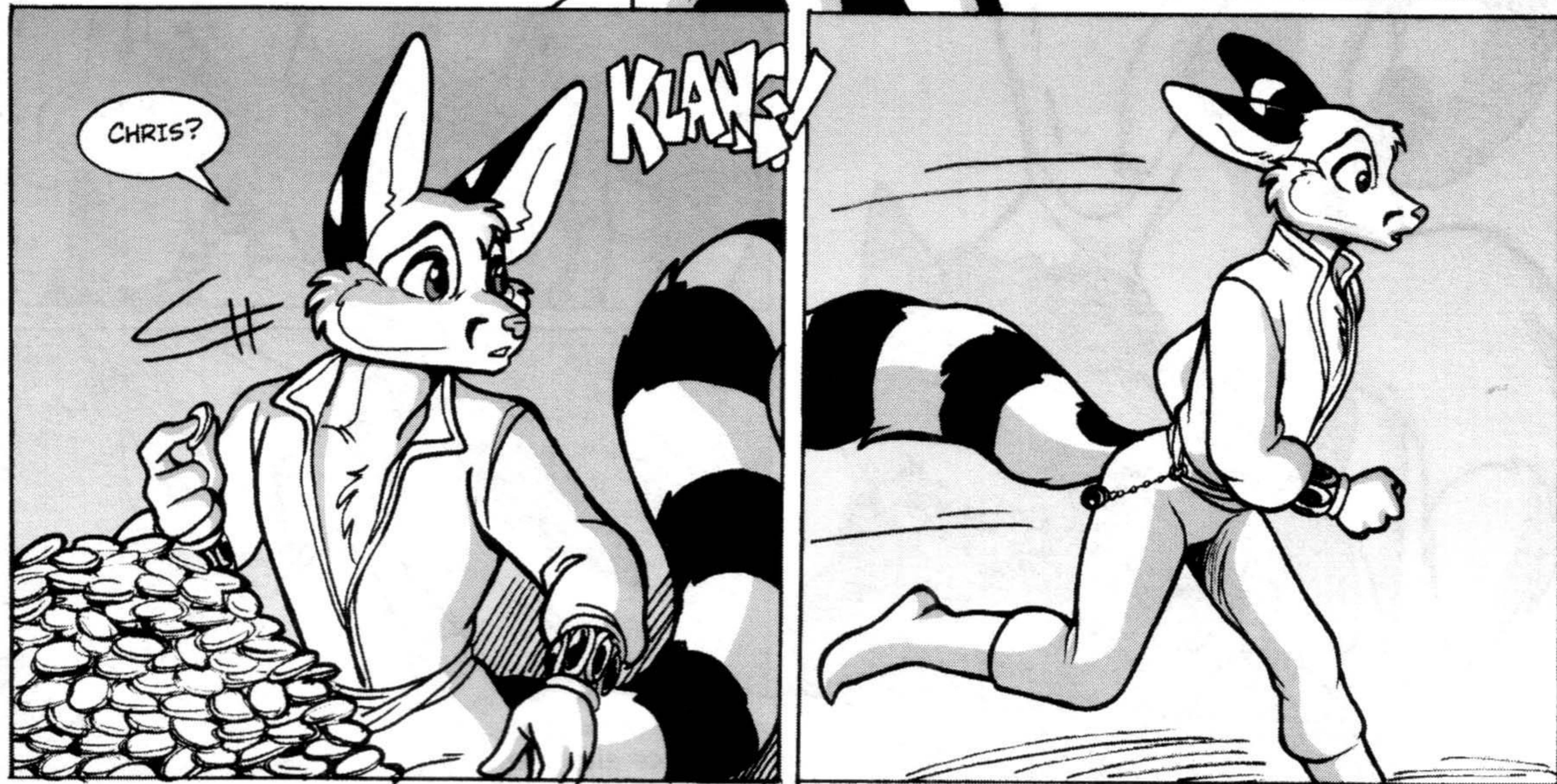


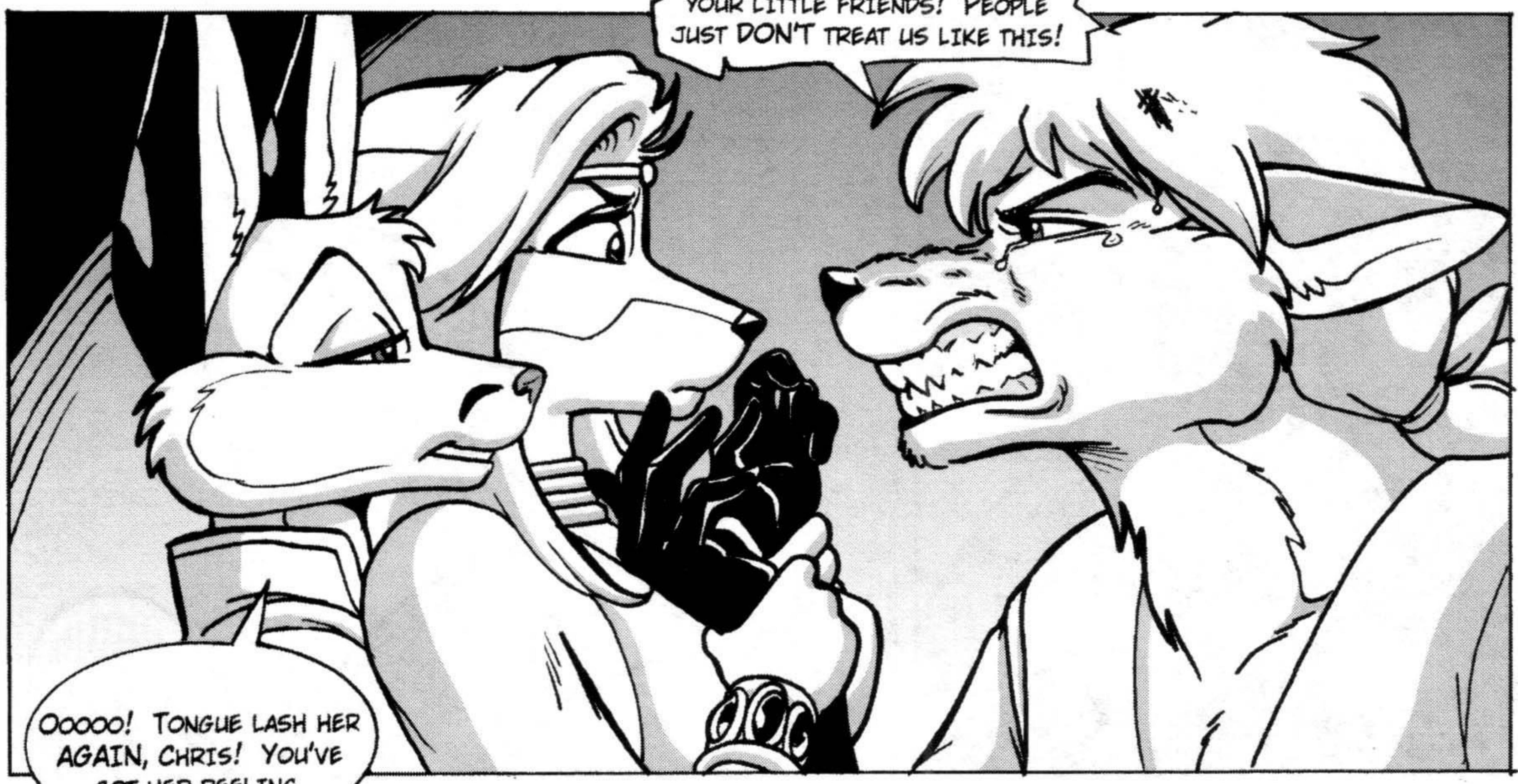


OKAY, I'LL GRANT YOU THINGS COULD BE WORSE. WHAT BOTHERS ME IS ALL THIS TALK OF TREASURES AND NEGOTIATIONS. CHESTER, THESE ARE NOT NICE PEOPLE.

















OUR PUMPING STATIONS
RELEASE MILLIONS OF
GALLONS OF WATER INTO
THE SLUICEWAY EVERY HOUR.
THAT MAINTAINS A STEADY
FLOW ACROSS THE DESERT.

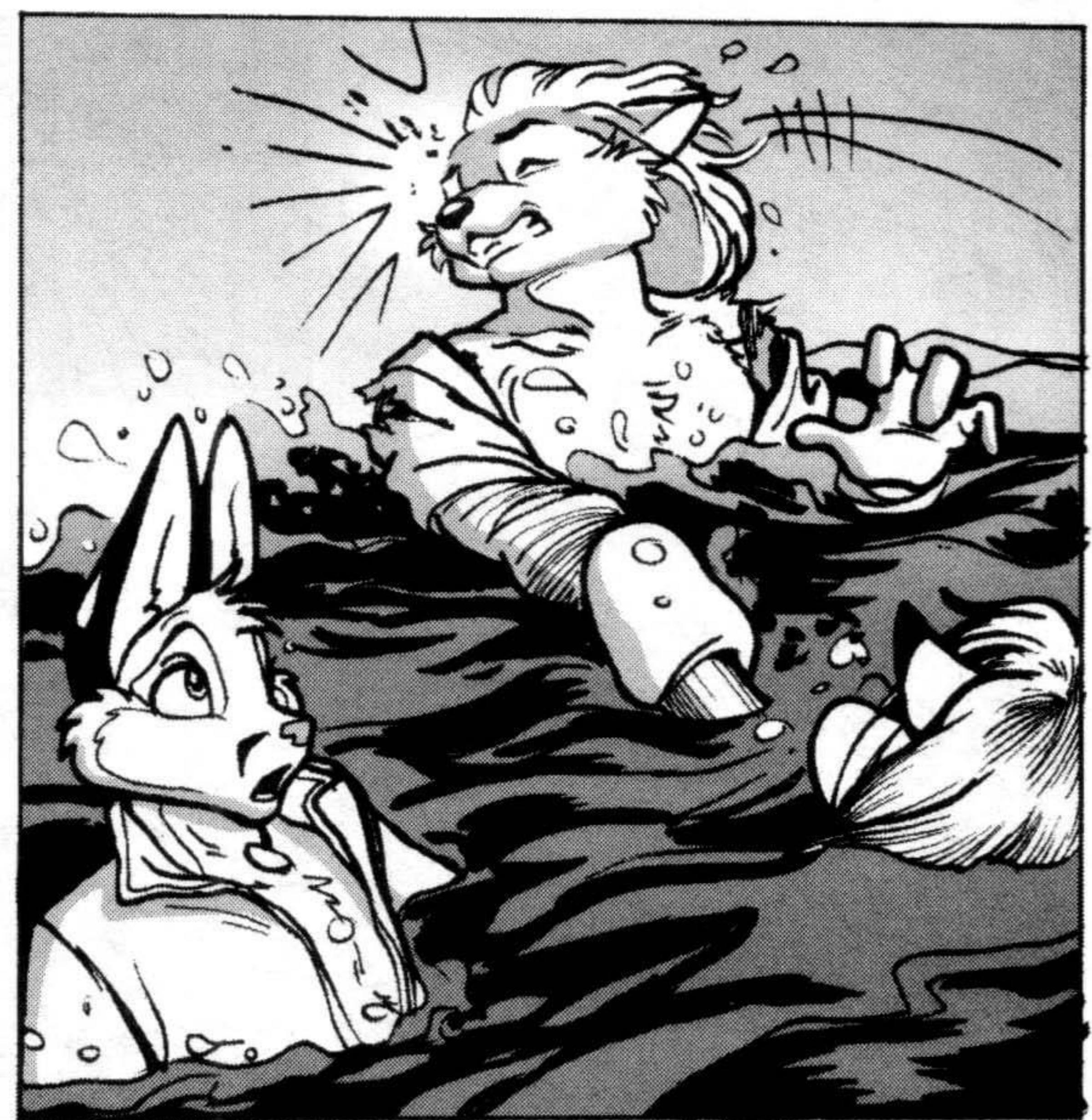
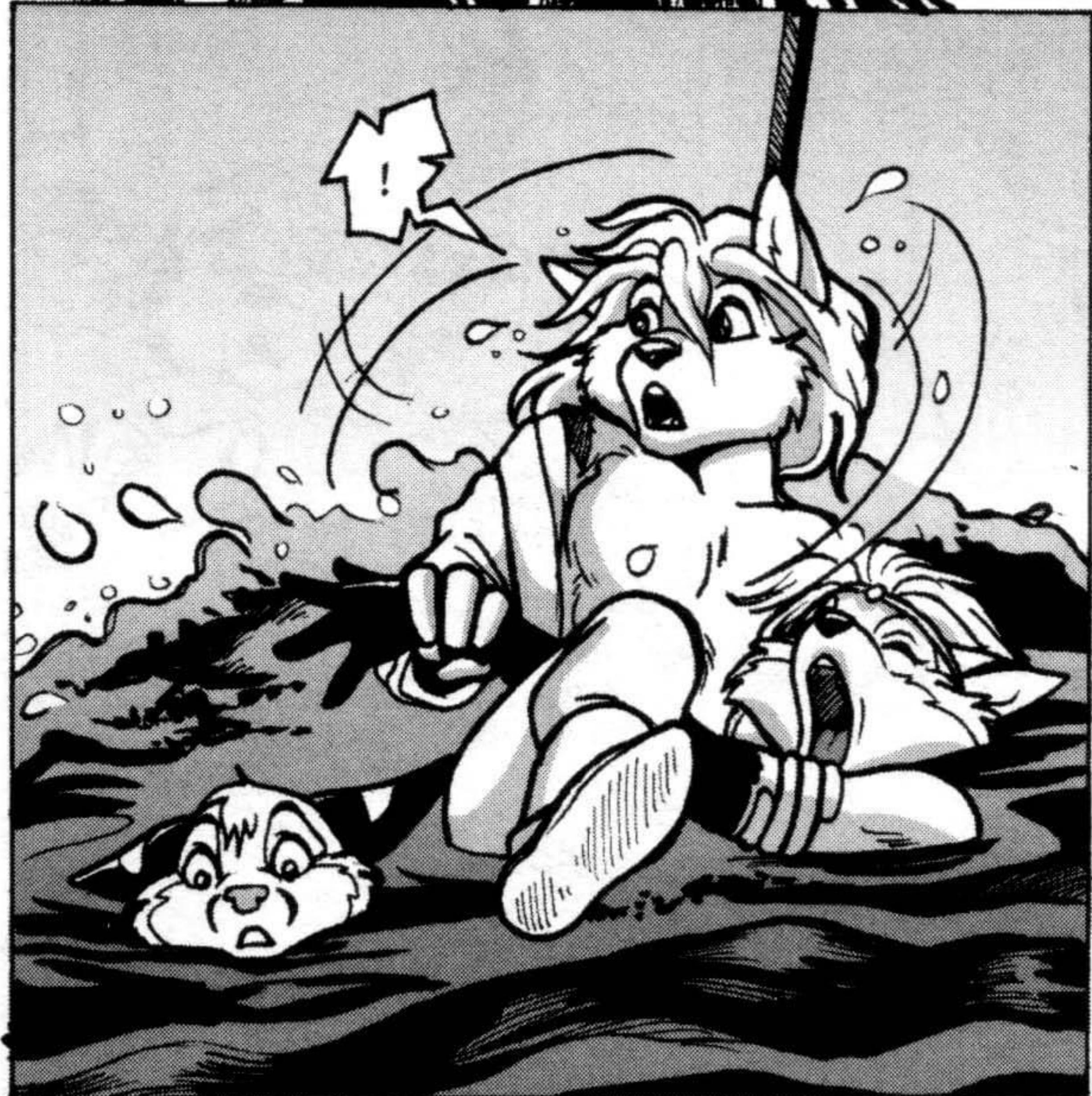
SO?

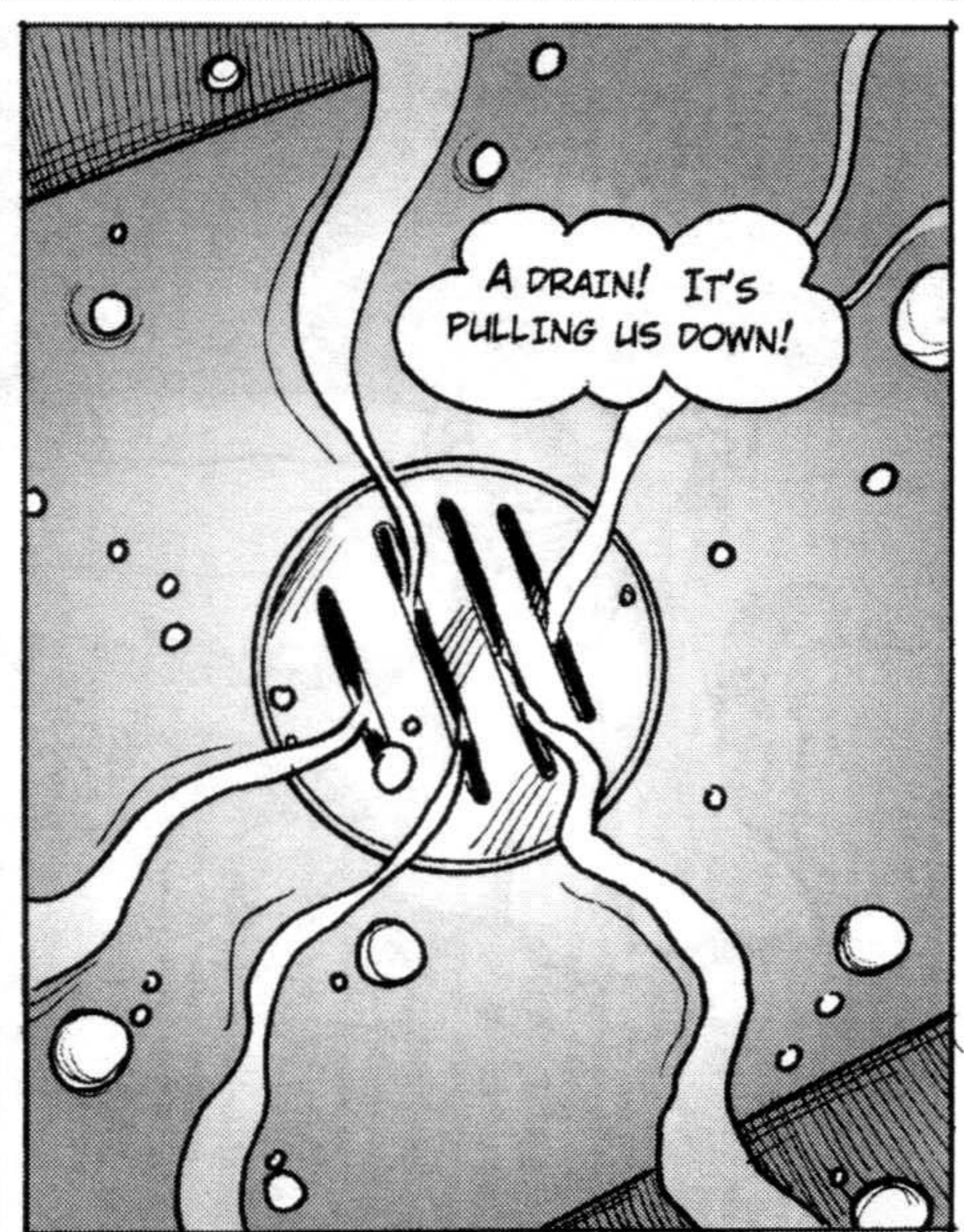
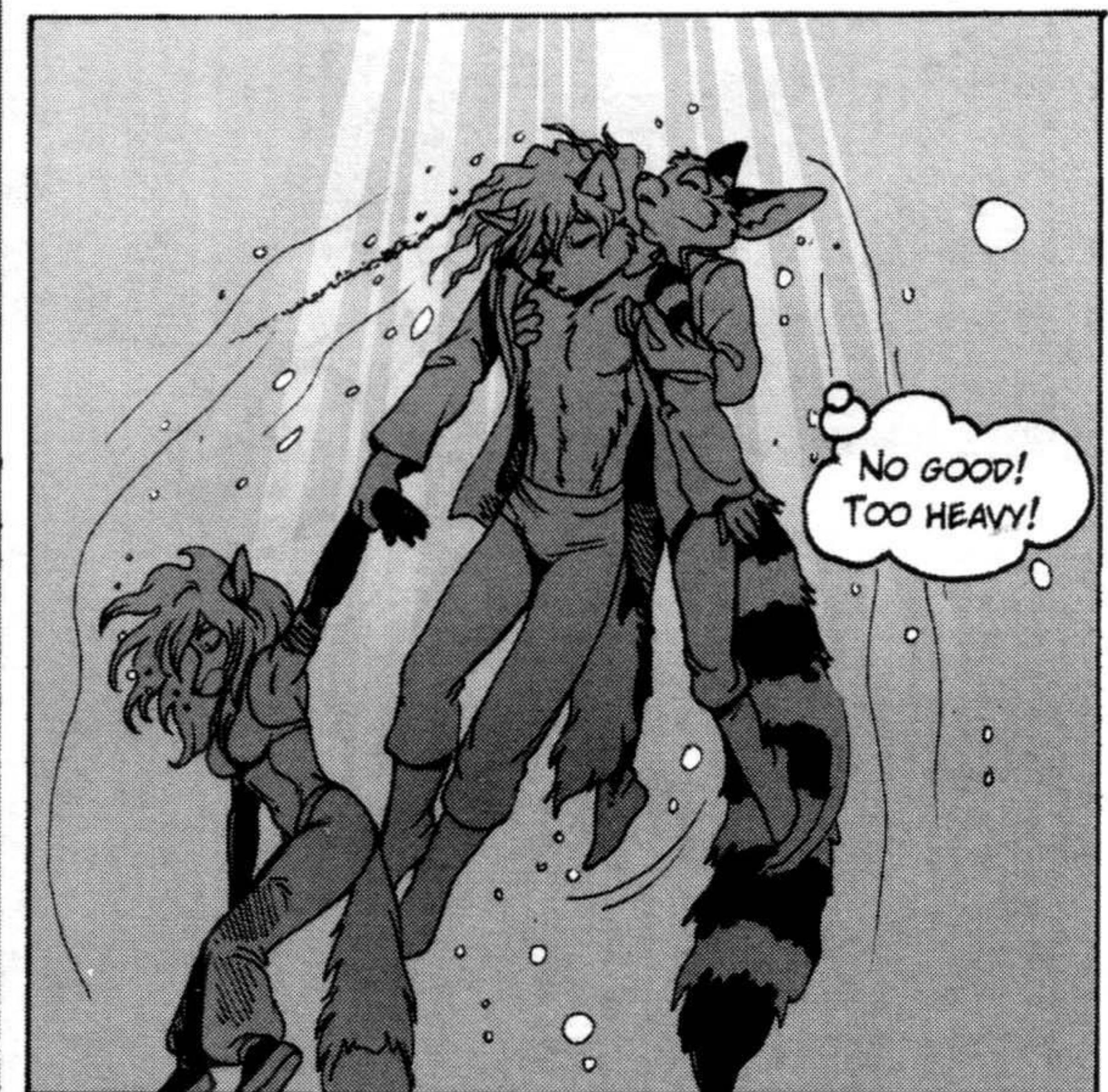
RUMMMMBLE

UH, JUST CURIOUS,
BUT CAN THESE FIGHTING
STEEDS FLOAT?

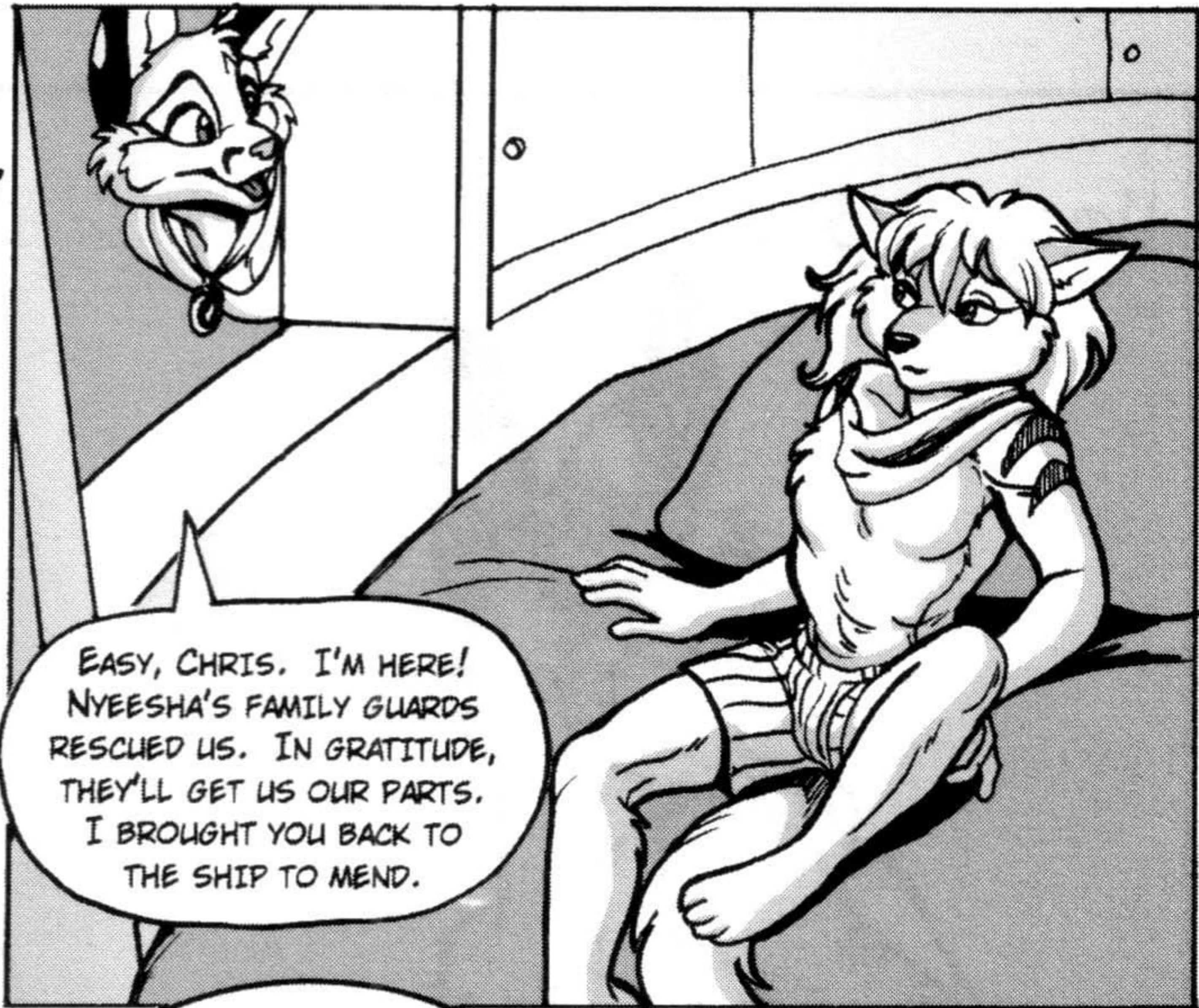
NO, THEY ARE
MUCH TOO HEAVY!











Height: 5'0"



CHESTER
MaGREER:
RINGTAILED CAT.
ENJOYS A VARIETY
OF COSTUME
CHANGES.

HAVOC INC.

TERRIE SMITH
© 12-10-95

URAL CHRISTOPHE
DECK
• HAVOC INC. •

